

## WOMAN, SPARE THE BIRDS.

Woman! Spare the birds.  
Tough not a single wing.  
God made them—not for hats;  
He placed them here to sing.

He gave them sweetest notes  
To cheer us with their joy;  
He never meant that you  
That pleasure should destroy.

Their beauty was bestowed  
To give our eyes delight,  
And not to overoad  
And make your heads a sight.

Our springtime must not be  
A season of regret,  
All shorn of melody.  
To make you vainer yet.

Our gardens, fields and wood,  
Our hedges, orchards, lanes,  
Must not in silence brood  
To decorate your brains.

In youth we learned to love  
The birds. We watched them build  
Their nests beside our door,  
We wept if one was killed.

They knew we were their friends  
And of us had no fear,  
And yearly they returned  
To make our homes more dear.

They taught us gentle ways:  
They made us true and kind,  
And by their songs of praise  
Our natures they refined.

They to our children gave  
A joy so sweet and pure  
That after years are blest  
With memories that endure.

Instead of being dumb  
And hiding from our sight  
The birds, who love us, come  
With songs and beauty bright.

With beauty and with song  
They gladden all our days,  
And, innocent of wrong,  
They trust our human ways.

Each woman who displays  
Upon her hat a wing  
Assists in murderous ways—  
She loves no bird to sing.

She from her children takes  
A childhood's purest joy  
And her example makes  
Them eager to destroy.

Woman! Spare the birds.  
Wear flowers on your hats.  
Don't kill our feathered friends—  
Leave that for snakes and cats.

—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Sun.

## UNCLE JOE'S LUCKY DAY.

HUNTING THAT RAISED THE  
ANTE OF HIS BOY ANDY.

UNCLE JOE SHROPSHIRE is one of the toughest and gamest woodsmen in all northern Pennsylvania, although he is now past 75. The other day he came into the tavern at this little lumber settlement with the pelts of two enormous wildcats strung over his shoulder. They were the largest of the kind ever seen in this region, where big wildcats are no uncommon sight. Uncle Joe was soon surrounded by a group of curious loungers, and everybody wanted to know where he got the big wildcat skins. He threw them on the floor, leaned up against the bar, and said:

"Whar did I git 'em? Why, I peeled 'em off the two varmints they grow'd on, o' course! Whar did ye 'spect I got 'em? An' I had a sight o' fun a doin' of it, too. Ye all remember how that boy Andy o' mine tackled the big buck he wounded last fall, an' how he fit it for well-nigh an hour till he was all but tore to pieces himself before he killed it? That fight o' his'n was about the gamest thing that ever was done in our woods, an' I was glad he made it an' came out all hunky, but I kep' a thinkin' to myself that I didn't calculate to let Andy be the only man there was in this deestric, and ben keepin' my eye peeled ever since for a little streak o' luck myself. I looked fer it all winter, but it didn't come my way, fer every b'ar or buck I shot allus seemed to drop dead'n a stone. There wa'n't no fight left in 'em. I begun to think that I guessed I'd have to wait till nex' fall or winter, when t'other day I accidentally discovered that there was a big b'ar slosin' round in Kelley's Holler, not fur, nuther, from whar Andy made his big buck give it up. I says nothin' to nobody, but one day I calls old Jackson, my dog, an' says to myself that I guessed we'd meander out and see if me an' Jackson an' the b'ar couldn't pick up a muss betwixt us. And so we meandered.

"I'd ben out, I take it, fer better'n an hour, an' hadn't see nothin' o' the b'ar. It was purty hot in the swamp, an' so I begun to edge out to'rds the openin' to get some fresh wind. Jackson he kep' huntin' round, an' I know'd if the b'ar was anywhere in the country Jackson'd be sure to hustle him out. When I got out on the edge o' the swamp I see a rousin' big hawk sailin' along so high up that I thort mebbe he mowt be sarchin' for a roostin' place on a cloud somewhars, an' I says to myself that I guessed I'd see if I couldn't knock a feather or two outen him, jest to try my rifle, so I up an' bangs away at him. He was a good ways up, but I've got him nailed on my barn door now.

"Jackson he was huntin' round all the while off in the swamp, an' I hadn't scarcely got my gun down from my shoulder when I heard the deuce and all of a time 'mongst the laurels. I says to myself that I guessed old Jackson had nosed bruin outen his hidin' place, an' the nex' second the brush opened an' out didn't come the b'ar, but the wildcat that was wearin' the littlest o' them pelts there, an' that's big enough fer any decent wildcat, I guess. Well, he come out, jee whoo-o-o! an' I had to up an' fire quick. The consequences was that I didn't get the ball whar I wanted it, an' only jest broke the varmint's shoulder. Quicker'n chain lightning that cat turned an' sprung at me. I hadn't no more loads in my rifle, an' so I met the wildcat in the air with the butt o' my gun an' keeled him over. Then I jumped at him, an' soaked one of my number seven cowhides plumb

on his neck 'fore he could gether hisself an' come fer me ag'in. He squirmed over on his back, though, as slick as an eel, an' his'n hind claws, ketchin' me jist below the knee an' nipped the breeches an' bootleg off down to the ankle as easy as I'd spud the bark offen a hemlock. He took a trifle o' my hide with 'em, too, but he didn't have a chance to clutch no more of it, for I smashed his big head with a lick from my rifle butt, an' he give up the ghost.

"Well, that was all nice an' easy as far as it went; but Jackson wa'n't satisfied with nosin' this feller out, but had kep' on huntin' round in the swamp all the while I was gittin' away with the cattymount. Consequence was that I hadn't had time to draw a long breath, when jee whoo-o-o! out jumped the former owner o' that biggest hide there. He see that I had made carcase of his mate, an' didn't wait fer me to pitch in, but jist opened on me from the world go. I tried the rifle butt business on him, but it didn't seem to have no more effect on him than if I was poundin' a feather bed. Old Jackson come to help with this feller, but that ugly varmint jist more than circused the both of us around that patch o' timber. Before I got in my lucky whack that broke the wildcat's back, he had pooty nigh cleaned me out o' clothes, an' had left a to'able fair showin' o' digs on my hands an' arms—there, ye kin see 'em yit—an' had gouged out old Jackson so he looked as if somebody had been pickin' his feathers off an' then tippin' a lag o' red paint over him.

"After I broke the cat's back, though, he wasn't much use to himself, but his spirit was jest as willin', though the flesh was weak. I hadn't said nothin' 'bout the yellin' an' on'arthy cattymountin' he kep' up 'cause I hadn't got the lungs to give 'em to ye. When I got this wildcat fowl I served him same I had t'other un, an' then I sot down on the ground 'bout as willin' as ever I done anything in my life. After takin' count o' stock an' thinkin' the matter over I says to myself that I guessed two cattymounts an' the fight I had with 'em was 'bout equal to Andy an' his buck, an' so I guessed I'd call it a day an' go home an' leave the b'ar till nex' day, an' then go out an' git him, 'which, I says, 'I take it'll raise the ante on Andy,' I says. So by an' by I loaded my gun, tossed the wildcats over my shoulder an' pickin' up my hawk, started fer home.

"That dog Jackson o' mine is the greatest dog in all creation, an' the first thing I know'd I missed him, an' then I heard him huntin' round in the swamp ag'in, jist as if he hadn't a scratch on him nor a lock or so o' hair yanked offen him. I says to myself that I guessed that if Jackson didn't look out the first thing we know'd we'd be in a-ther muss, an' I hadn't much mor'n said it 'fore I heard a hullabaloo in the swamp, an' right on the heels of it come the b'ar, an' on the b'ar's heels come Jackson. The b'ar was a big one. Jackson clutched at his heels made him mad, an' he stopped an' turned on the dog. Then, seein' me, he made up his mind that I was to blame fer the hull darn business. So he come a tearin' fer me like a steam engine, with his jaws open



"WHAR DID YE 'SPECT I GOT 'EM?"

as far as he could git 'em. The inside of 'em was as red as the inside of a turkey gobbler's chin, an' I know'd he meant business. I dropped the cattymounts an' the hawk an' binged away at the b'ar. He tumbled, but was comin' so overpowerin' fast to'ard me that he turned a summerset clean over and come up squar on his feet, an' stood up so close to me that I had to duck my head 'way back to git out o' the way o' the swat he made at me with one o' them big paws o' his'n, and I only jist got out o' the reach of it, with not an inch to spare. The wind of his paw allus took my breath away, so ye kin mebbe imagine that if he'd a hit me I wouldn't be here to tell about the little skirmish. Jackson was worritin' the b'ar from behind, an' I guess that saved me from a rassel that I was a little too tired to enjoy, fer the b'ar turned back on the dog, an' that give me a chance to shove another bullet inter bruin, an' that un settled him. Then I says to myself that I guessed mebbe I'd last till Andy went out an' fit another buck. And I guess I will, don't you?"—N. Y. Tribune.

## His Choice.

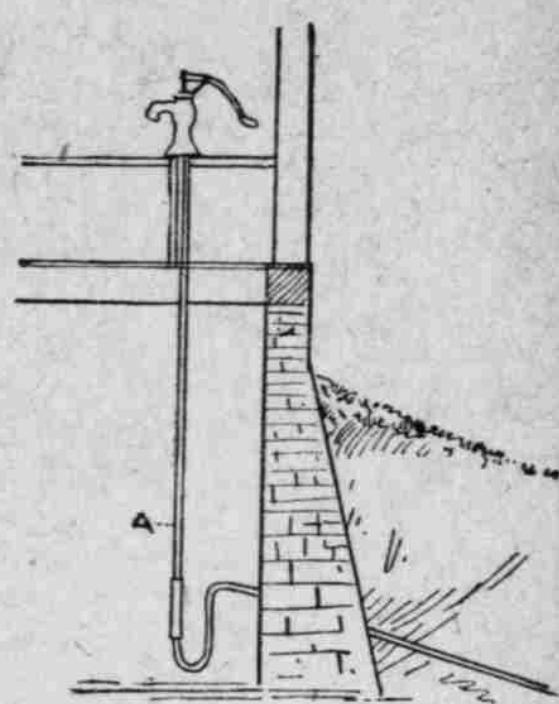
It is said that Charles Wesley was sometimes easily annoyed, and on one occasion, at a conference, he became so irritated at the prolix remarks of a speaker that he said to his brother: "Stop that man speaking. Let us attend to business." But the offender was relating his religious experience, and, though it was at great length, John Wesley evidently thought that no one had a right to interfere with it. He was therefore allowed to continue, but the moment came when Charles could contain himself no longer. "Unless he stops," he whispered to John, "I'll leave the conference." By this time John was enjoying the man's simple story, and he only turned and whispered to some one sitting near: "Reach Charles his hat!"—Youth's Companion.

## THE FARMING-WORLD.

## THE FARM KITCHEN.

How Water May Be Pumped to It from a Distant Well.

It frequently happens that a farmer's family is obliged to depend for a water supply upon a well or spring at some distance from the house. When such a supply is on lower ground the labor of carrying water is considerable. This may be avoided by placing a pump in the kitchen, to discharge over the kitchen sink. Such an arrangement gives good satisfaction, while it is new, but a wearing of the valves, causing it to leak air, be it ever so little, will empty



WATER FOR THE KITCHEN.

the whole pipe of water, and the time and trouble required to "fetch the pump" will make the thing practically a failure. To overcome this a well pump must be used, bringing the cylinder near the bottom of the cellar. Then let the suction pipe turn upward, as shown in the illustration, and pass out through the cellar wall a little higher than the top of the cylinder. This will cause water always to remain in the pump and thus secure the pipe from becoming empty. With this arrangement water may be drawn under ground to where it is needed from a distance of ten or twenty rods without difficulty, except that it must be from a point not more than 25 feet lower than the pump cylinder. If the kitchen is subjected to freezing temperature in the winter the pump may be protected by making a small hole at "a," thus permitting the water to escape down to that point when the pump is not in use. —Charles E. Benton, in Practical Farmer.

## SAVE YOUR FIELDS.

If You Do Not Feed Your Land It Will Refuse to Feed You.

"Why do you feed your horse?" If that question were asked the average farmer he would doubtless answer: "You are a fool; I feed him to keep him alive and able to work." But if the question were asked: "Why don't you feed your land?" the average farmer would not be so ready with his answer. Yet the one thing is no more important than the other. If it is absurd to be able to work and produce results having no material to be converted into strength, it is no less so to expect land to produce crops continuously without having new supplies of plant food with which to make them grow. No soil is inexhaustible.

While there are large accumulations of plant food in some localities, continuous cropping and the leaching and washing caused by rains will in time deplete and exhaust them. It is better to feed the land before it is starved. It is easier to keep a horse fat than to fatten a poor one; and it is easier to keep land productive than to take that which is dead poor and make it so. A horse that is still strong enough to assimilate his food can soon acquire his normal strength; he only wants a plenty of good food. Land that will grow crops of any leguminous plant will, if the same are plowed under or fed off in the field, in a short time recover enough tone to produce profitable crops of other things. But it allowed to run down so that neither clover nor peas will make a crop, it cannot be economically restored. A word to the wise is sufficient; begin this year to feed your land, so that it in turn may feed you. —Rural World.

## HINTS FOR BEEKEEPERS.

The Italians stick closely to the combs even when handled. After the first swarm issues out all the queen cells but one.

Do not keep a colony with a defective queen. Kill her and give them a good one.

Wherever a farmer, dairyman or horticulturist can make a living a bee man can also.

One advantage with bees is that during the greater part of the year their feed costs nothing.

There are three classes of bees in a thrifty colony, nurse bees, wax workers and honey gatherers.

Always have extra hives to save every swarm that comes out; often a little delay will lose them.

Give the bees plenty of working room if you want to prevent small swarms from coming out.

If you will go through each colony once a week and take out the queen cells, a swarm will rarely come off.

While bee hives may sit out in the sun all summer, it is better to shade them on account of saving the honey.

Italian bees are generally admitted to be superior to the black bees. They are better workers and are more easily controlled.

Especially in the middle of the day when the bees are at work, approach a hive from the sides or rear, so as not to interfere with them in their flight.

Never leave a newly hived swarm near the place where it clustered. The safest plan is to remove it at once to a stand somewhat distant whether the bees are in or not. —St. Louis Republic.

## FEEDING FOR EGGS.

Why Green Bones Should Be Used Much More Extensively.

The profit is always sure when every detail is correct. Cheap food must not be estimated by the price paid for it in the market. The cheapest food for the poultryman or farmer is that which gives him the largest number of eggs. It matters not what the food costs, so long as the eggs correspond. It is the product by which we should measure and estimate.

Green bones are not used as extensively as they should be, because grain can be obtained with less difficulty and at a low cost, but as egg-producing material the bone is far superior to grain; nor does the bone really cost more than grain in some sections. The cutting of the bone into available sizes is now rendered an easy matter, as the bone cutter is within the reach of all. Bones fresh from the butcher have more or less adhering, and the more of such meat the better, as it will cost no more per pound than the bone, while the combination of both meat and bone is almost a perfect food from which to produce eggs.

If the farmer can get two extra eggs per week from each hen in winter, he will make a large profit. We may add that if the product of each hen can be increased one egg per week only in winter, that one egg will pay for all the food she can possibly consume, and it therefore pays to feed the substances that will induce the hens to lay. If the hens are consuming food and yet are producing no eggs, they will cause a loss to their owner; and this happens every winter on a large number of farms. The hens receive plenty of food, but not of the proper kind.

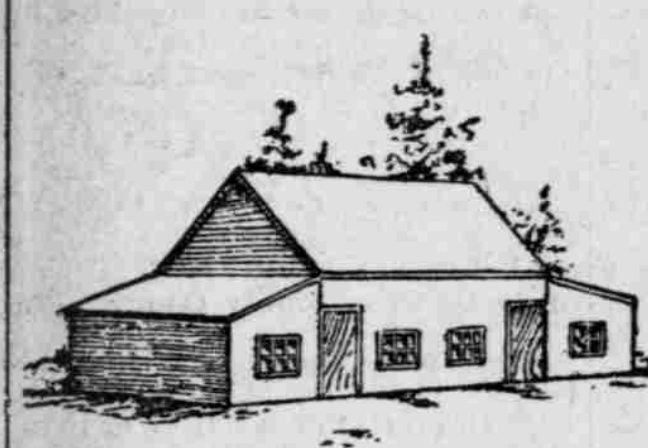
A pound of cut green bone is sufficient for 16 hens one day, which means that one cent will pay for the bone for that number of fowls. If one quart of grain be fed at night to 16 hens, and one pound of bone in the morning, it should be ample for each day in winter. In summer only the bone need be given. Such a diet provides fat, starch, nitrogen, phosphates, lime and all the substances required to enable the hens to lay eggs. As an egg is worth about three cents in winter, it is plain that it is cheaper to feed bone than grain, as the greater number of eggs not only reduces the total cost, but increases the profit as well.

The bone-cutter is as necessary to the poultryman as his feed mill. It enables him to use an excellent and cheap food, and gives him a profit where he might otherwise be compelled to suffer a loss. It is claimed that a bone-cutter pays for itself in eggs, and really costs nothing. Bones are now one of the staple articles of food for poultry, and no ration should have them omitted. They are food, grit and lime, all combined in one, and the hens will leave all other foods to receive the cut bone. If cut fine, even chicks and ducklings will relish such excellent food, while turkeys grow rapidly on it. To meet with success requires the use of the best materials, and green bone beats all other substances as food for poultry. —Rural World.

## COMFORT FOR POULTRY.

How to Enlarge a House That Has Become Too Small.

On most farms the poultry house is too small for the stock kept. A space of at least eight square feet for each fowl is needed. The cut shows an excellent and cheap enlargement—a shed-roof addition at each end of the present house. Put a partition through the center of the old house and let the



ENLARGED POULTRY HOUSE.

ends into the additions. This will give two large pens, so that two breeds can be kept, Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks, for instance, thus giving one eggs and meat the year about. —N. Y. Tribune.

## To Destroy Wasps' Nests.

A very simple and effective plan of destroying the nests of the wasp consists in saturating a piece of soft rag, attached to a slender stick, in turpentine, and then thrusting it into the passage to the nest, stopping up the hole with a piece of turf. It kills every wasp, and there is no necessity whatever for digging them out. Use thoroughly good turpentine, for when it has lost much of its strength it will fail in its action. Such a remedy as this is safe, and quite as good as the dangerous preparations so often adopted. One or two tablespoonfuls of pulverized cyanide of potassium put into the nest at any time of the day forms a good remedy. If quietly done the ingress of the insects is not in the least disturbed. They enter readily, but never return.

## Causes of Swine Diseases.

As the hog is the most difficult of all farm stock to give medicine to, prevention will be found to be the best remedy in most cases. Almost all diseases of swine may be traced to neglect, insufficient and unwholesome food, poor shelter, filthy, nauseous pens, lying in dung heaps, inhaling large quantities of deleterious gases, lying in cold, wet beds and exposure to the inclemencies of the weather, permitting too many to sleep together and breeding to animals that have been diseased, or in-and-in breeding, the feeding of smutty corn, not providing clean, pure water—these are undoubtedly the principal causes of disease in swine.

It is poor economy to store good white honey in unclean vessels.

## SHE SPANKED FOR THE FAMILY.

The Stranger's Kind Offer Was Indignantly Refused.

People never get encouragement for doing the Good Samaritan act in the interests of the public, as the man decided who offered to assist a distracted woman and ameliorate the sufferings of a lot of people on a suburban car.

The boy who howls was in evidence, the curled darling of his only own mother and the terror of everybody else, and he had kept the car in a state of wild excitement and exhausted the patience of everybody, including his doting parent.

"Oh, if your father were only here!" she had said for the fiftieth time, as she tried vainly to restrain the howling terror. At that he stopped howling long enough to beat the air with his small shins, and the woman on the other side of him remarked audibly that a cage was the proper place for savages like him.

"Johnny, dear," asked his mother, "won't you be a good boy?"

"Oh, I wish your father were here to give you a good trouncing this very minute!" she wailed, as she struggled with him.

Then it was that the philanthropist of the company asserted himself. He had been trying in vain to read his morning paper ever since he started from home.

"Allow me, madam," he said, blandly. "I am a father myself, and I will be happy to chastise your cherub in behalf of his absent parent."

"Oh, no, you won't, not if I know it!" said Johnny's mother, rising in her wrath like a tigress. "There ain't that man living dare lay a finger on that boy—his own father or any other ugly catamount who thinks he knows it all," and she shut off debate by going into the next car and taking the sweet infant with her. —Chicago Times-Herald.

## There Was Fight in Him Still.

"What's the matter?" inquired the foreman, as he entered the sanctum for copy and noted the editor's bleeding nose, swollen forehead, puffed red eye and tattered, dusty coat. "Fall downstairs?" "No—only that," replied the editor, pointing with his finger to a paragraph in the paper before him. "It's in our account of the Crapley-Smith wedding. It ought to read: 'Miss Smith's dimpled, shining face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's strong, bold physiognomy.' But see how it was printed." And the foreman read: "Miss Smith's pimpled, skinny face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's stony, bald physiognomy." "Crapley was just in here," continued the editor, throwing a blood-streaked handkerchief in the waste basket and feeling in his pockets for a clean one, "and he—but just send that fool of a proof reader in here! There's fight left in me yet!"—Typographical Journal.

No Such Thing—"Five dollars!" exclaimed an indignant man, who had used the long-distance 'phone for as many minutes; "and yet they say 'talk is cheap.'"—Judge.

A woman really has no good luck in marrying unless she marries a man on his deathbed and he leaves her his life insurance. —Atchison Globe.

The boy who bit a green apple remarked, with a dry face: "Twas ever thus in childhood—sour!"

## THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, July 15	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common	\$ 25 @ 3 00
select butchers	4 00 @ 4 25
CALVES—Fair to good light	5 25 @ 5 75
HOGS—Common	3 90 @ 3 35
mixed packers	2 91 @ 3 30
light shippers	3 50 @ 3 60
SH. EY—Choice	2 85 @ 3 25
LAM. S—Spring	4 75 @ 5 00
FLA. H—Winter family	3 00 @ 3 35
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	70 @ 70
do. do. 3rd	67 @ 70
do. do. 2nd mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 3rd mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 4th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 5th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 6th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 7th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 8th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 9th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 10th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 11th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 12th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 13th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 14th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 15th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 16th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 17th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 18th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 19th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 20th mixed	67 @ 70

NEW YORK	
FLA. H—Winter patent	4 30 @ 4 65
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	70 @ 70
do. do. 3rd	67 @ 70
do. do. 2nd mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 3rd mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 4th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 5th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 6th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 7th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 8th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 9th mixed	67 @ 70
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do. do. 12th mixed	67 @ 70
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do. do. 14th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 15th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 16th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 17th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 18th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 19th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 20th mixed	67 @ 70

CHICAGO	
FLA. H—Winter patent	4 30 @ 4 40
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	70 @ 70
do. do. 3rd	67 @ 70
do. do. 2nd mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 3rd mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 4th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 5th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 6th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 7th mixed	67 @ 70
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do. do. 12th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 13th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 14th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 15th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 16th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 17th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 18th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 19th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 20th mixed	67 @ 70

BALTIMORE	
FLA. H—Family	3 80 @ 4 15
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	73 @ 73
do. do. 3rd	70 @ 70
do. do. 2nd mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 3rd mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 4th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 5th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 6th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 7th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 8th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 9th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 10th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 11th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 12th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 13th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 14th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 15th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 16th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 17th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 18th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 19th mixed	67 @ 70
do. do. 20th mixed	67 @ 70

INDIANAPOLIS	
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	65 @ 65
do. do. 3rd	62 @ 62
do. do. 2nd mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 3rd mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 4th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 5th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 6th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 7th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 8th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 9th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 10th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 11th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 12th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 13th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 14th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 15th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 16th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 17th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 18th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 19th mixed	62 @ 62
do. do. 20th mixed	62 @ 62

Corn--Mixed	26	26
Oats--Mixed	23	23
PORK--Mess	8 50	
LARD--Steam	4 12	

